

## BETTING IN A REAL POOLROOM

WESTERN PROMOTER PLAYS RACES IN A JERSEY TOWN.

Conducted by a Capper Who Knows the Ropes He Places His Money With Restrictions—Like the Old White Elephant Run by Butch Thompson.

"Do you want to make a bet on the races?" asked a slick looking fellow after a casual conversation with a Western promoter at one of New York's swell hotels the other day.

"Why, yes!" was the reply. "I haven't made a bet on a horse for a long time and wouldn't mind taking a flyer! Where are they racing now?"

"At Oakland and Los Angeles," said the capper for a string of poolrooms which are thriving just now in a town over in Jersey within half an hour's ride of the White Light district. "You wouldn't care for the hand books that are doing business on these races because they quote no odds and do not pay until the next day, but I can take you to one of the biggest poolrooms in the East, if you want to go, and you can bet all you want, in addition to getting track quotations and also your coin, if you win, after each race. Want to go?"

"Sure I do!" was the ready response. They took the Hudson tunnel to Hoboken and at 4:20 o'clock they boarded a car as a train specially chartered for New York patrons who had been rounded up in a similar way by expert cappers. But before they entered the car a sentinel at the door had to receive the high sign. There were perhaps fifty persons bound for the scene of action when the train pulled out of the station.

"Why do we go so late in the day?" asked the Western promoter as he took a seat and lighted a cigarette.

"Because of the difference in time between New York and Oakland," explained his guide. "You see, the races at Oakland do not begin until about 3 o'clock, which is 5 o'clock here."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the Western man. "Well, it makes no difference to me so long as I get real action."

The train now rolled into the sporty Jersey town, and as the speculators climbed out upon the platform they were closely inspected by half a dozen sharp eyed men, who were on the alert for detectives and reformers. Then the crowd was split up into nine bunches, and in a few minutes one of these bunches which included the Western promoter and his newly found friend hurried around a corner to a building on the ground floor of which was a saloon.

"Are these guys all right?" queried some more sentinels as they looked over the bunch with eagle eyes.

"All to the good!" whispered several cappers. "Open up!"

A big door in the back of the saloon was drawn aside in a jiffy and the New Yorkers hurried up a short flight of stairs in the dark. Another door, through which a watcher first peered, was opened and then the real place of business was revealed. A huge blackboard was hung along one side of the wall. Half of it was devoted to Oakland and the other to Los Angeles. A list of the horses in each race was chalked up with the names of the jockeys and the odds as they fluctuated over the telephone wires. A couple of operators were busy with their ticking instruments, while a leather lunged individual called out repeatedly.

"Gents, make your bets! They are going to the post!"

The Western promoter didn't know much about the horses that were racing that day, but he was willing to bet. "What'll I play?" he asked his friend as the horses were on the way to the post for the first race at Oakland.

"Ray Bennett, I'd like well!" replied the capper. "He's a 2 to 1."

"I'll bet fifty on her!" remarked the Western man as he stepped up to a box shaped affair and pushed a half century note through a slot in the top.

"Fifty on Ray Bennett to win!"

A hand grabbed the yellowback and the same hand pushed out a ticket numbered 648, upon which had been hastily written:

"Ray B., 100 to 60."

Business was rushing then, for the crowd around the pigeonhole kept on betting and passing out the pool tickets. But suddenly all betting ceased as a big man with a megaphone yelled:

"They're off at Oakland!"

The telegraph instrument ticked a moment. Then the man roared through the megaphone:

"Gaga at the quarter by two lengths! Ray Bennett is second, head before Paladini, third, with Bankara a neck back!"

The crowd buzzed with excitement for a moment. Then the megaphone was in play again in earnest:

"Ray Bennett at the half by a length! Gaga, second, a neck before Paladini, third, with Bankara a neck back!"

More buzzing of voices followed by the ticking of the telegraph instrument. Then the megaphone again:

"In the stretch Ray Bennett by two lengths! Going easy! Paladini second! Celere third!"

"It looks like a cinch for Ray Bennett!" exclaimed the Western man as he fumbled in his pocket for the pool ticket. In just at that moment came this announcement:

"Celere wins by four lengths! Paladini second! Ray Bennett third! Time, 1:16 3/4."

Celere, an 11 to 1 shot, had practically no backers in the room. Neither did Paladini, a 15 to 1 chance, while Ray Bennett, a favorite, had a good sized bundle. The Western man, determined to get his money back, played all of the races, winning \$40 on C. O. Celere in the second race, \$25 on Dorante in the third, also \$25 on Sewell in the fifth. Then he was \$60 loser, so he decided to plunge on old Roseben in the last event and wagered \$200 at 1 to 2. Roseben won, too, and the Westerner was ready to leave.

"Don't be in a hurry!" said his friend. "Step into this room and look around."

They passed through an iron door in the wall and entered a room in which there were all kinds of gambling games—roulette, faro, craps, Klondike and the "crap game." This was a treat for the Westerner, who took a chance all around and finally broke even. It was then nearly 1 o'clock and the trip back to New York began.

"Why don't they have rooms like that in New York?" queried the promoter as he entered the train and staked the capper to a dollar note.

"Because the police would pinch a guy in a minute who tried to run one. There ain't no more swell rooms!" explained the capper. "They don't pay any more."

"People don't want to be pinched and carried off in the rattler, so they stay away. Besides, the handbook feller has a corner on the business since Gov. Hughes killed betting at the tracks the handbooks have sprung up all over town. The police don't interfere with most of the uses when barley Mahoney or the Hoffman House got grabbed for taking a \$50 bet on a horse last summer he was let go in Special Sessions, where one of the judges said he'd done nothing wrong. District Attorney Jerome tried to get a conviction and said before the verdict that the case would decide the attitude of the police toward these handbook feller. So now the cops decide that they could do nothing with the handbooks, though they have been raiding poolrooms whenever they got the chance. Poolrooms are con-

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The conditions of the fixture are that each contestant shall shoot 100 clay birds, or targets, as they are called, at sixteen yards rise and the man with the highest number of breaks is declared the winner. In case two or more should tie they shoot an additional round of twenty-five, or even two or three twenty-fives until the

Western man wanted to know what the other that?"

"Why, under the belt of course!" exclaimed the capper with a laugh. "The old guys either had a pull with some politician or did business behind steel doors. But the best scheme was the telephone gag, which is still good. A guy got an office in some skyscraper and put a loud sounding name and business title on the door. Then he notified his clients that he would take bets. They telephoned what they wanted and if he didn't care to handle all of their bets he just laid a few of the biggest off with other guys who were doing the same kind of business with a bigger bank roll. I know a fellow who had a pull and he was running twenty-fives of these phone rooms downtown, handling all kinds of coin, until Jerome got wind of it and made him skidoo. But he's built up the old business again over in Brooklyn."

"There's a good play in some of the stock brokers' offices. I know a firm not far from Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street which is handling as much money as the races as on Wall Street just now. They only cater to the big bettors and do everything on credit. They pay off the next day on closing track odds. In short, they conduct a big handbook and cannot be interfered with by the handbooks. Why, they're all over town. You can find 'em in gimmlis, hotels, billiard rooms, variety stores and even in the street. I know a fellow who's been making a handbook with a few yards of the Brooklyn Bridge for a year and there's another who handles bets in front of an uptown newspaper bulletin board where the results of the races are posted. Both of these guys have been pinched, but they had nothing on 'em. People who make pike bets—a dollar or perhaps five apiece—like handbooks, but these guys operating 'em won't take more than \$25 at the most, and then only on favorites. They have it understood with you that you can't get more than \$5 or perhaps \$10 against any horse that may be quoted at a longer price in the track odds published the next day. That is why the good solid bettors will take the trouble to go over to Jersey for real action which you get this afternoon!"

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"Of course I did," was the reply. "but I don't care about that. I wanted to have some fun."

"Fun?" ejaculated the poolroom plunger. "It wouldn't 'a' been no fun, friend, if you'd lost that Roseben bet! Hey! You'd 'a' lost a hell of a lot! So I'm glad you got 'em!"

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"He's a tenderfoot, eh? Why, he's one of them wise ones that knows the game! You bet he won't go again with me! I'll lose the job if I let one of his kind over to the game every day. The boss wants suckers, and I'll take good care in future to dig 'em up."

Racing was in full swing at Jersey fifteen years ago, but it is evident that betting in certain parts of that State is very much alive.

"They pay laws which will close the racetracks everywhere in the United States," said a well known gambler yesterday. "but if there's racing in Canada or Mexico there'll be betting with handbooks or poolrooms in every large American city. So they might as well let the tracks keep open."

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They, knowing no other trade, set up for themselves and of course with their crude tools were not able to produce the same grade of article as was turned out by the factories, and for ten years or more they were in a deplorable situation, until at last they appealed to Prefect of Police Lepine. As a result of this appeal the kindly disposed official inaugurated an exhibition of toys to be held annually in the Tuilleries Gardens, in the heart of the fashionable shopping district.

At the first exhibition eight years ago there were only thirty exhibits, but now the huge hall is filled to overflowing, and temporary buildings have this year been erected on the outside. While M. Lepine has helped the independent worker as best he can, all their exhibits show the futility of trying to rival the perfected factory made article with hand labor. The materials are poor, the workmanship crude, and there is no compensation by way of originality in ideas.

For one entire month, says Town and Country, the independent toy-makers can show their wares and take orders, and they have the chance to prove that individual ingenuity is superior to corporate owned talents. At the last exhibition there were an enormous number of fantastic airships, and the visitor passed by rows of peasant dolls in gay colored costumes of the different provinces, lines of soldiers drawn up on green baize fields with paper machine guns.

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Besides these toy mechanics a number of noted people have placed the result of their own handiwork in several of Lepine's exhibitions. In the Tuilleries, for instance, with three tumbling clowns; Lola Fuller exhibited a dancer propelled over a smooth steel floor by a hidden magnet; Gerome, the artist, carved a group of soldiers in wax, and the artist, in paper, a cheaply made and cast in papier mache. Faigiere, the sculptor, sent an articulate monkey, a sign of the times, and sixty kinds of flying birds, butterflies and various balloons.

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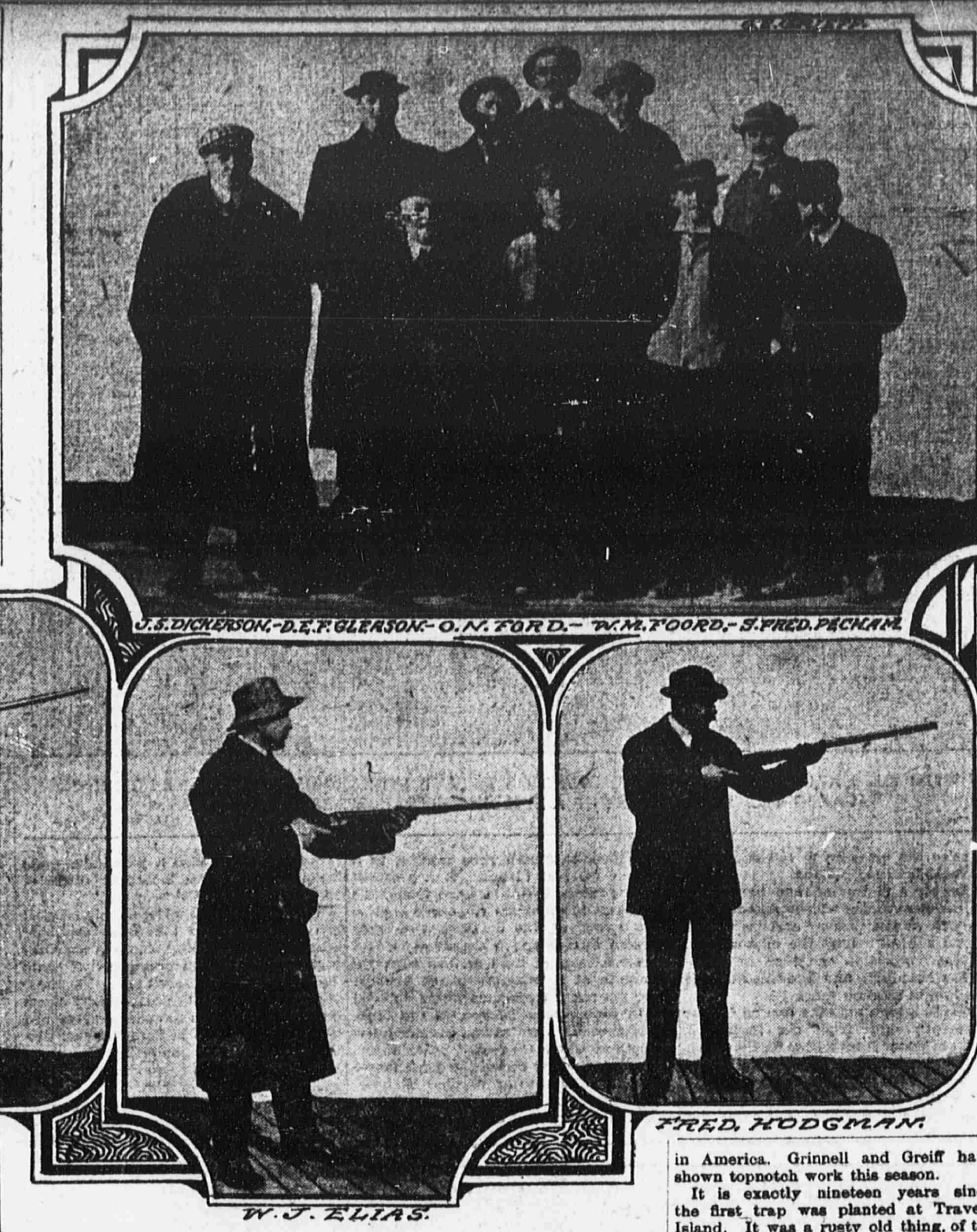
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U.S. DICKERSON, D.E. GLEASON, O.N. FORD, W.M. FOORD, S. FRED. PECKHAM.

best man is discovered.

On Friday last this year's championship took place at Travers Island and it was won by George S. McCarty of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. He broke 98, and this is the amateur record of the United States.

Two years ago there was a tie between two shooters, both having broken 93 out of 100, and they shot off an additional twenty-five, when one man broke a target more than the other. By this close margin he secured the title of champion of America along with a massive silver cup and a gold medal. Each year the winner gets much the same reward, while the second and third men also get prizes.

Last year's event attracted more than one hundred amateurs and they were from all over the United States. The battle for first honors was exceptionally keen between Dr. E. F. Gleason of the Boston Athletic Association and O. N. Ford of Central City, Iowa, who once won the grand American handicap in the days when live pigeons were trapped. Dr. Gleason triumphed by breaking 96 out of 100, a record up to that time for the meet and in fact for amateur runs in America. Ford was the closest kind of a second with 94 breaks.

The match was shot in rounds of twenty-five and in the first two rounds a clean straight score of fifty while the man of medicine missed two. Experts and old time pigeon shots who stood around watching the work of the men said it was all over, that

and 14 offener that 13, but when scoring came that heavy stage it simply jumped up or down without implying that there is any profound underlying reasons to account for it.

There are many peculiar jumbles of figures in baseball games, even though the more there are the less queer would be the fact that they exist. They aren't so common that they cease to be uncommon. In any event, every season produces games and spells which are attended with cases out of the ordinary. Some are mere freak developments, others are based on some point of coincidence. The two National League games of April 19 are striking. Chicago beat St. Louis 4 to 3 and Cincinnati disposed of Pittsburgh 4 to 3, and three of the teams, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, each made nine hits.

On May 2 the three games played found the six teams in much the same scoring humor. Each game was won by a one run margin and Philadelphia best New York 2 to 1; Brooklyn downed Boston, 2 to 1, and Chicago won from St. Louis, 3 to 2. Five of the six teams made two errors each. There were two 1 to 0 games on May 9 and each of the winners, Philadelphia and Chicago, made six hits.

Four runs was a popular total to win by in New York-Brooklyn battles. The New Yorks beat the Brooklyn 4 to 0 on April 18, but later the Brooklyn repaid the score by St. Louis was out of all proportion to that by Boston in view of the fact that each made the same number of hits, which was ten. For their ten hits the Bostonians stacked up nine runs, while the Cardinals got only one. St. Louis made only two errors, so poor fielding didn't figure in the onesided result. Poor pitching, more likely, as St. Louis used three pitchers. It may have been pitching wildness or scattered hits by St. Louis.

Two errorless games were played on May 22, which was unusual for one day. They were between Chicago and Boston and Cincinnati and Philadelphia. On the next day Cincinnati made eight runs off Philadelphia. The runners, Detroit and the Phillies, the four total crops out again on June 5. Each of the winning teams, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Philadelphia, made four runs. The Chicago played an unbeatable game on June 6. They made 14 runs, 19 hits and no errors, shutting the Boston out with no runs and five hits.

There were four errorless games played on June 10, twice as many as the Reds made, the latter won the game despite the hard hitting of their opponents. The score was 8 to 3, and the Boston surely wasted their clouts that day. A week later the Pittsburghs made ten more tallies than the luckless Boston and with the same number of hits—eleven. The Bostonians played a pretty fair fielding game too. In the New York-Boston game of June 25 everything was done on a whole scale scale. There were twenty-four runs, thirty-one hits and nine errors.

The Boston made only seven hits against the Phillies on July 1, but made rare use of them, for their run total was fourteen, and the Philadelphia made only three errors. The twist taken by the figures on July 17 resolved

itself into four shutouts in as many games. The New Yorks, Brooklyn, Boston and Cardinals were blanked. The New York-Pittsburgh sixteen inning contest of July 28 was remarkable for its all around closeness. Each side made two runs and three errors, and New York made twelve hits to Pittsburgh's eleven.

The New Yorks were hitting the ball savagely the latter part of July and the first part of August. For five consecutive days they slammed the globe for 15, 14, 12, 10 and 14 hits in that order, a total of 65. About the same time the Cubs too were demolishing the leather. They made 10 for forty-two hits in three consecutive games. It was a pretty good game that the Bostonians played on August 1, when they made four errors, hits and four runs and blanked the Chicago, thereby evening up the 14 to 0 walloping the Chicago handed to them on June 8. Oddly enough, the Chicago made five hits in this game, the same number as made by the Boston on June 6.

The Bostonians were beaten 9 to 3 by St. Louis on August 10, and St. Louis indulged in a batting orgy which netted eighteen hits. The Bostonians made six errors, but a total of twenty base hits. Boston made twice as many base hits as St. Louis the same day. St. Louis made three times as many base hits. The Pittsburgh and Brooklyn grappled on August 22 in a game which was seventeen innings long and was notable also for the extreme closeness of the pitchers—Young and Pastors—in holding the scoring to a low ratio to the batting. There was only one run in the game—made by Pittsburgh—but a total of twenty base hits. The Pittsburgh made eleven hits and one run. On the same day the Chicago made eleven hits and one run. The Chicago, however, were worsted, as the Boston made three runs and fifteen hits. Here was a game, therefore, in which twenty-six hits were made—only four runs; also only three errors—practically nothing by Messrs. Turkey and Brown.

There was high quality of play on August 28. The Chicago twice shut out the Brooklyn by a score of 2 to 0. Cincinnati shut out Philadelphia 2 to 0. Both of the Chicago-Brooklyn encounters on the same day with only one misplay, and were errorless. Boston played two games on the same day with only one misplay, and were errorless. The New York made eleven hits but only one run off Rucker on September 1. Pittsburgh made ten runs and ten hits on September 1. The Pittsburgh totals being 11 and 17 and the Cincinnati 1 and 7. Each side was guilty of two errors, so that only three numerals figured in this otherwise diversified battle.

There were nineteen runs and thirty hits in a game on September 18, in which New York beat Pittsburgh. There were nineteen runs and thirty hits on the same day in the game in which Cincinnati beat Boston. The losers in each case made twelve hits to the winners' eighteen, and the respective scores were 12 to 7 and 13 to 6.

April 14, the opening day in the American League, was one of extremes. One extreme was represented by the New York-Athletic contest. It was a twelve inning game and was captured by New York 1 to 0. The other extreme was the Chicago-Detroit contest, won by Chicago, 15 to 8. There was a replica of these happenings on the 17th. St. Louis beat Chicago 1 to 0 and Cleveland beat Detroit 12 to 1. The New York-Washington game of April 21 was the wildest, wildest scramble of the year.

In America, Grinnell and